MARVEL 95 .com

EXILES®

CLAREMONT
HENRY
LEE
QUINTANA

THERE ARE REALITIES OUTSIDE OUR OWN; SOME SIMILAR, OTHERS ABNORMAL. SOMETIMES THESE REALITIES ARE DAMAGED, AND NEED SOME HELP.
THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN...

EXILES

Stolen from countless different realities, the Exiles' roster is constantly shifting, depending on the specific mission.

CURRENT ROSTER:

SABRETOOTH
AGE OF APOCALYPSE

MORPH
EARTH-58163

PSYLOCKE
EARTH-616

BLINK
AGE OF APOCALYPSE

Longshot
MOJOVERSE

TEAM COORDINATOR

SPIDER-MAN 2099
EARTH-6375

HEATHER HUDSON
EARTH-3470

EXILES (ISSN #1540-0964) **No. 95, August, 2007.** Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. **PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** © 2007 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $3.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in Canada.** Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. $27.00; Canada $37.00; Foreign $39.00. **POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO EXILES, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 110 NEWBURGH, NY 12550. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 457-5029. subscriptions@marvelsubs.com.** ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Toys & Publishing Divisions and CMO Marvel Entertainment, Inc.; DAVID GABRIEL, Senior VP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, VP of Business Affairs & Editorial Operations; JIM BOYLE, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

HOME, AGAIN!

STARTING OVER PART ONE

by Chris Claremont & Clayton Henry

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

IN THE WORDS OF ANCIENT LEGEND, **THIS** IS THE PLACE **BEYOND** BEYOND.

YOU WON'T FIND IT ON ANY **MAP**, IT'S AS MUCH THE PRODUCT OF **DREAMS** AND **IMAGINATION** AS OF TANGIBLE **REALITY**.

SUFFICE TO SAY, IT **EXISTS**.

TRY FOR **MORE** THAN THAT, YOU'LL ONLY GET YOURSELF **LOST**.

IT'S THE PLACE THE EXILES HAVE LEARNED TO CALL **HOME**.

PROBLEM IS, THEY'VE BEEN AWAY A **WHILE**...

...AND THE VERY MEANS THE REED RICHARDS OF A DOOMED EARTH EMPLOYED TO PROTECT HIS WORLD AND HIS PEOPLE ALSO PREVENTED THE EXILES FROM MAKING ANY KIND OF COMMUNICATION WITH THE PALACE.

HEATHER--

--WE'RE **HOME!**

SOMETHING'S **HAPPENED**, SPROUT.

HEY, WHO TURNED OUT ALL THE **LIGHTS?**

THE AIR SMELLS **STALE**--AND **OLD**.

SOMEBODY MAYBE **FORGET** TO PAY THE **ELECTRIC BILL?**

NORMAN LEE
INKER
WIL QUINTANA
COLORIST
SIMON BOWLAND
LETTERER
NATHAN COSBY
ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARK PANICCIA
EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

WAS THE PALACE *ATTACKED?*

COOL DOWN, PEOPLE. THERE'S NO NEED TO *PANIC.*

THERE'S NO SIGN OF *DAMAGE.*

THE PLACE LOOKS TOTALLY *EMPTY.*

EVERYTHING'S BEEN TURNED...

...OFF!

YEAAAAGH!

PLEASE TAKE ME NOW, LORD. I *SO* WANNA DIE.

AHHH, YOU'RE JUST *EMBARRASSED,* KIDDO. YOU'LL GET OVER IT.

WHO TURNED ON THE *LIGHTS?*

THE LIGHTS ARE ON *AUTOMATIC,* LONGSHOT.

YOU CAN DIAL IT DOWN A NOTCH, BETS.

I THINK WE'RE *OKAY.*

I GOT *NO* STRAY SCENTS, CLARICE--NOT EVEN *RESIDUALS*--I THINK WE'RE *ALONE.*

NOT EVEN *RESIDUALS,* MR. CREED? BUT THAT WOULD MEAN...

...THAT THIS PLACE HAS BEEN *EMPTY* FOR QUITE A WHILE.

LET'S *MAKE SURE.*

HEATHER, WHAT *HAPPENED* TO YOUR *CONTROL ROOM?*

THE PLACE IS A *MESS,* ALL YOUR HIGH-END EQUIPMENT IS *GONE!*

OHHH-- WHOEVER'S OUT THERE IN THE OMNIVERSE PASSING FOR *GODS...*

...PLEASE *PLEASE PLEASE* DON'T LET US FIND A *BODY,* LET MY FRIEND BE *SAFE.*

NO *BUGS--*

--NOT BIG, OR LITTLE.

LOOKS LIKE THEY TOOK ALL THEIR *STUFF,* TOO.

THIS PLACE ADDS A WHOLE NEW DEFINITION TO THE WORD, *EMPTY.*

GOD, I THOUGHT IT WAS SO *EXCITING* WHEN I STARTED--

--NOW ALL I CAN THINK OF ARE MY *FRIENDS,* MY *FAMILY.*

I WONDER IF I'LL EVER *SEE* THEM AGAIN.

THAT IS *SO*...

...***BEAUTIFUL.***

I NEVER THOUGHT THIS PLACE COULD FEEL SO ***EMPTY.***

MANOMAN, IF ***WE*** FEEL LIKE ***GHOSTS*** WANDERING THESE HALLS...

...WHAT DOES THAT SAY ABOUT THE ***REAL DEALS?***

WHEN WE STARTED, IT WAS LIKE SETTING OUT ON A TOTAL ***ADVENTURE.***

I KIND'A FIGURED IT'D GO ON ***FOREVER.***

NOW ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT ARE THE ***FRIENDS*** I'VE MADE, THE FRIENDS I'VE ***LOST***--

--OF HOW ***FRAGILE***--HOW ***PRECIOUS***--LIFE CAN BE.

I HOPE I NEVER GET USED TO THIS.

IN DUE TIME...

MY FRIENDS, THAT MEAL WAS *SINFULLY* DELICIOUS.

WE OWE IT ALL TO *MIGUEL.*

I ONLY DID AS I WAS TOLD.

THE LADY IS TOO KIND-- BUT WE DID IT *TOGETHER.*

GOTTA ADMIRE A TECHNOLOGY THAT KEEPS THE LARDER *FULL* AND THE FOOD FRESH...

...EVEN WHEN NOBODY'S HOME.

MAKES A BODY WONDER WHAT OTHER *SURPRISES* IT HAS IN STORE.

PASS THE COFFEE, PLEASE.

SO-- ESSENTIALLY, WE'VE GOT *NOTHING.*

NOT HARDLY.

FACT IS, I'VE SEEN WORSE AN' WHAT'S BUSTED, WE'LL MAKE BETTER. THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANY FIGHT, LOOKS LIKE HEATHER AN' THE BUGS JUST *LEFT.*

THE *QUESTION* IS, WHERE'D THEY ALL GO, AN' *WHY?*

A PROPER QUESTION!

IT'S ABOUT BLOODY TIME, I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'D NEVER ASK!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!

WHAT THE DEVIL HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THIS TIME. WHY DIDN'T YOU RESPOND?!

I WAS UNDER A SECURITY PROTOCOL.

DIDN'T MATTER THAT I DETERMINED YOUR IDENTITIES WERE LEGITIMATE, I COULDN'T TAKE THE INITIATIVE.

TO ACCESS THE NETWORK, YOU HAD TO ASK ME A DIRECT QUESTION.

SO, DARLIN'--CAN YOU TELL US WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

SIMPLE ANSWER: HEATHER THOUGHT YOU ALL WERE DEAD...

...DESTROYED WITH DIMENSION 1720.

AS FAR AS SHE COULD DETERMINE, YOU'D ALL BEEN WIPED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

"SHE DIDN'T TAKE IT *WELL.*"

NO!

NO!

NO!

"SHE SHUT HERSELF IN HER ROOM AND STARTED ***DRINKING.***

"THE ***BUGS*** DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO ***STOP*** HER.

"MAYBE THEY THOUGHT SHE'D ***DIE.*** THEN THEY COULD ***START AGAIN.***

"EVENTUALLY, I GUESS THEY GOT TIRED OF ***WAITING.***

"THEY EVIDENTLY FIGURED, TIME TO ***CUT*** THEIR LOSSES AND ***MOVE ON.***

"THE THOUGHT OF OFFERING ***HELP*** APPARENTLY ***NEVER*** OCCURRED TO THEM.

"AS FOR *HEATHER...*"

OH, MY GOD--

--WHAT HAVE I *DONE?*

"FIRST THING, AFTER WAKING UP, WAS TO GET AS ROYALLY, SPECTACULARLY *SICK* AS SHE GOTTEN HERSELF *DRUNK.*

"AND THEN, START TO WORK ON GETTING *BETTER.*

"ONCE SHE'D GOTTEN HERSELF PROPERLY SORTED OUT...

"...SHE BEGAN TO WORK ON THE *MESS* SHE'D MADE OF THE PALACE.

"*BAD* AS THE MESS WAS IN HER QUARTERS...

"...IT WAS *NOTHING* COMPARED TO WHAT SHE'D DONE IN THE *COMMAND CENTER.*

"SHE *REPAIRED* THE DAMAGE...

"...BUT THAT WAS AS *FAR* AS SHE WAS PREPARED TO GO.

"SHE FOUND SHE COULDN'T DO THIS ANYMORE.

"SHE'D LOST HER *FRIENDS...*

"...AND WITH THEM, HER *WILL.*

"SOMEONE *ELSE* COULD SAVE THE *OMNIVERSE.*

"SHE WAS GOING *HOME.*"

THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN TALKING--HOW THE DEVIL LONG HAVE WE BEEN *GONE?*

IN STANDARD EARTH CHRONOLOGY...

...ROUGHLY SIX MONTHS.

OKAY--NOW WE KNOW OUR SITUATION.

NEXT, WE *DEAL* WITH IT.

HEATHER'S ALIVE, LET'S GO TELL HER THAT *WE* ARE, TOO.

OUR FIRST RESPONSIBILITY IS TO *RE-ESTABLISH* BOTH THE TEAM AND OUR *BASE.*

A LOT OF *TIME* HAS PASSED. HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT'S *HAPPENED* WHILE WE'VE BEEN GONE

THE *SOONER* WE CAN DEAL WITH IT, THE *BETTER.*

D'YOU MIND IF I COME *WITH* YOU, CLARICE?

I'D KIND'A... WELL...*YOU* KNOW...!

YEAH, I DO, MORPH. I'M *GLAD* FOR THE *COMPANY.*

IF NOBODY HAS ANY OBJECTIONS, I'LL TAKE A SHOT AT ***FULLY RESTORING*** THE COMMAND CENTER.

WITH ***HELP*** FROM "HEATHER", IF SHE'S ***WILLING.***

WORKS FOR ME.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE KIND OF THING THAT'S LIKELY TO NEED SOME SERIOUS ***GOOD LUCK.***

SINCE THAT'S MY POWER, I'LL ***STAY,*** TOO.

WELL, IF I'M TO BE A ***MEMBER*** OF THIS TEAM...

...I'D BETTER GET MYSELF ***FAMILIAR*** WITH OUR ***HOME BASE.***

COUNT ME IN WITH ***PSYLOCKE.***

THE LADY MIGHT NEED A ***GUIDE.***

TRANSPORT SYSTEMS PROGRAMMED, DESTINATION LOCKED. YOU'VE BOTH GOT A REMOTE ***TALLUS*** TO BRING YOU HOME.

YOU'RE GOOD TO ***GO,*** PUP

HAVE A ***NICE*** TRIP

SEE YOU ***SOON.***

COME BACK SAFE.

EARTH 3470.

YOU *SURE* THIS IS THE RIGHT ADDRESS? IS IT THE *RIGHT* EARTH?

MORPH-- JUST RING THE *DOORBELL!*

DING-DONG DING-DONG

HEY, *HEATHER*-- GUESS WHO'S *NOT DEAD!*

?

!

MORPH?

HEATHER?!?

YOU'RE ALIVE!!

WHEN I CAME HOME, I WASN'T SURE *WHAT* I WANTED.

THERE WAS A *PART* OF ME THAT EVEN CONSIDERED *RE-ESTABLISHING* THE TEAM.

WHILE I WAS TRYING TO FIGURE THINGS OUT, *JAMES* AND I--

--WELL, WE KIND OF MADE UP FOR A *LOT* OF LOST TIME.

AND *HERE* YOU SEE THE *RESULT.*

NOTHING LIKE BEING BLIND-SIDED BY A *HAPPY ENDING.*

IS IT A *BOY* OR A *GIRL?*

WE'LL FIND OUT IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS.

I GUESS THAT PUTS YOU OUT OF *COMMISSION.* HUH?

'FRAID SO, MORPH.

YOU LOOK SO *GREAT.*

GIRL, I'M EATING LIKE THERE'S *NO TOMORROW!*

IF THE BABY COMES OUT WITH *MY* APPETITE AND MY METABOLISM--

OH!!

QUICK-- MORPH, CLARICE-- *COME FEEL!*

THE BABY'S *MOVING!*

TH S IS SO *COOL!*

TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'M *SCARED STIFF.*

I'VE NEVER BEEN A *MOTHER* BEFORE

MY SUPER-HERO HANDBOOK SAYS *BUPKUS* ABOUT THIS!

YOU'LL DO *GREAT.*

CLARICE?

WE'VE *INTRUDED* ENOUGH. WE SHOULD GET *BACK.*

LISTEN TO ME, G.R.L.

DON'T YOU *DARE* GIVE UP ON *LOVE.* OR FAITH.

IF THERE'S *ONE* THING I'VE LEARNED WITH THE EXILES, IT'S THAT *CREATION* IS JUST PLAIN *FULL* OF SURPRISES.

JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT IT ALL SORTED OUT AND PROPERLY LABELED, *WHAM--*

--HERE COMES ANOTHER *ZINGER.*

WE'RE *EXILES,* REMEMBER? FOR US, *ANYTHING* IS POSSIBLE--

--EVEN *HAPPY ENDINGS.*

YOU HAVE COME ON A *FOOL'S* ERRAND, PSYLOCKE.

YOU WILL *NEVER* BE A MATCH FOR ME.

EACH BATTLE BETWEEN US WILL END THE *SAME.*

WITH YOUR *DEATH.*

YOU NEVER KNOW *SLAYMASTER.*

ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE.

ESPECIALLY SINCE I CAN DO A WHOLE LOT *MORE...*

...THAN *HIT* YOU WITH MY *FISTS.*

I ASSUME, WOMAN, YOU ARE REFERRING TO YOUR POWER OF *TELEKINESIS?*

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I AM NOT *PREPARED* FOR IT?

THIS!

AND *THIS!*

BEST OF ALL, I'M JUST GETTING *STARTED--!*

MY *MUSCLES*--ALL OF A SUDDEN, *NOTHING'S WORKING*--

--I'VE LOST PROPER *CONTROL* OVER MY TK!

THERE'S AN *OLD* SAYING, LITTLE GIRL..

...ABOUT *PRIDE*--AND *FALLS.*

CONSIDER IT YOUR *EPITAPH.*

THAT'S *THREE*, KIDDO.

TAKE MY *HAND*.

I CAN *GET UP* ON MY OWN.

YEAH, *RIGHT*.

LOOKS LIKE IT *HURTS*.

THAT HIT WAS FOR *REAL*.

YOU'RE A *GROWN-UP*, YOU CAN *TAKE IT*.

IF THAT WAS FOR REAL, BETTS, YOU'D BE *DEAD*.

AND *SLAYMASTER* WON'T BE ANYWHERE NEAR AS *NICE*.

YOU WANT TO *BEAT* THIS GUY...

...YOU'VE GOT TO BE *BETTER* THAN HE IS, END OF STORY

THAT MEANS BE NG ABLE TO COPE WITH THE UNEXPECTED ON *EVERY* LEVEL.

SO *HOW* DO I LEARN TO BEAT A GUY...

...WHO'S *BETTER* THAN PRETTY MUCH *EVERYONE?*

YOU GOT ALL *CROSSTIME* TO CHOOSE FROM, KIDDO. START LOOKIN' FOR SOMEBODY *BETTER*.

OR--LEARN TO LIVE WITH THE FEAR THAT ONE DAY, *SLAYMASTER* WILL COME FOR YOU.

YOUR LIFE, BETTS, YOUR CHOICE, YOUR *FATE*.

MEANWHILE, OVER IN THE COMMAND CENTER...

OHHH-KAY, THIS NETWORK IS RE-ESTABLISHED.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, "HEATHER"?

MY WRENCH!

HEADS UP!

IS THERE ANY DANGER?

WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH SPIDER-MAN?

NOT HARDLY.

BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS TO BE PREPARED.

SO-- WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

BOY, TALK ABOUT YOUR INSTANT ANSWERS.

SYSTEM ONLINE.

MOST IMPRESSIVE. YOU'VE RESTORED THE SYSTEM.

YOU'D BETTER FLASH THE OTHERS--

--IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOT TROUBLE.

AND SO, A LITTLE WHILE LATER...

...THE NETWORK'S STILL OPERATING ON THE PARAMETERS ESTABLISHED BY THE BUGS AND HEATHER.

THIS CONTACT APPEARS TO BE A MAJOR ***MAYDAY,*** WORLD IN PERIL. YADDA-YADDA-YADDA.

WHAT DO WE ***KNOW*** ABOUT THIS EARTH?

IT'S PRETTY MUCH LIKE ***MINE.***

AND THE ***SITUATION?***

OUR POINT OF CONTACT SHOULD BE WITH THIS DIMENSION'S VERSION OF THE ***FANTASTIC FOUR.***

WHO'S GOING TO WATCH THE STORE WHILE WE'RE GONE?

I'LL DO IT.

I KNOW I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE LONG. THAT'S PART OF THE REASON I'D LIKE TO STAY, TO GET TO KNOW THIS PLACE.

AND FIND OUT HOW BEST I CAN FIT INTO IT.

THAT'S ***SETTLED,*** THEN.

GET ***SUITED*** UP, EXILES. WE'RE BACK IN ***BUSINESS.***

NEW YORK, *NEW YORK*, A HECKUVA TOWN--!

THE *MORE* THINGS CHANGE...

...THE MORE THE *ESSENTIALS* SEEM TO STAY THE *SAME*.

SAME BUILDINGS--ALBEIT *LESS* OF 'EM THAN USUAL--DIFFERENT *COPS*.

ANYBODY *RECOGNIZE* THE *PERPS*?

THE *WOMAN* LOOKS A LOT LIKE *HISTORICAL* PICTURES OF *SHE-HULK*.

THE MAN, I GOT *NO CLUE*.

PEOPLE HERE ARE YELLING *"MOLEMAN."*

THE CROWD'S *CHEERING!*

WHY AM I THINKIN', PUP, THAT IT *AIN'T* FOR *US*?

NO *OFFENSE*, GUYS--

--BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN, I'VE GOT A REALLY *BAD* FEELING ABOUT THIS.

STRANGERS, I AM *VICTOR VON DOOM*--

--FOUNDER AND LEADER OF THE *FOUR FANTASTICS.*

WE ARE EARTH'S *PROTECTORS.* IF YOU ARE HERE TO HELP, WE WELCOME YOU AS *FRIENDS.*

BUT IF *NOT--!*

NEXT: *THE DREAM OF TWO GOOD MEN!*